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Evangelical Visitor - July 29, 1918 Vol. XXXII. No. 14.

George Detwiler

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EVANGELICAL

D H Bert 1-19
1211 N Olive St.

VISITOR

JULY 29, 1918.

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OUR MOTTO

Hab. II, 14-Psa. XX. 7

EVANGELICAL VISITOR REPORT OF F. M. TREASURER TO JULY 1, 1918.

A BI-WEEKLY

RELIGIOUS JOURNAL

For the exposition of true, practical piety and devoted to the spread of vargelical truths and the Unity of the church.

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OFFICE MANAGER
GEORGE DETWILER

NOTICE:—The date printed after your name on the label denotes the time to which you have paid. Keep it in the future.

1175 Bailey St., is the new address of the Editor.

(Continued on page 32.)

EDITORIAL.

"But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (I Cor. 15: 57).

In our July 1 & 15, number we stated that we were undertaking a visiting trip to Canada. In consequence of that undertaking we made up the pages a little in advance of the date of the issue and were already visiting when the issue was printed. Several Harvest Meeting announcements came after our departure and so failed to appear in time for insertion in that issue and the present issue is too late as the date of the meetings was earlier than July 29, the date of the present issue. We regret that this has occurred, but it is a reminder to all correspondents to send in such announcements as early as possible. The two meetings that were so affected were both in the S. Franklin dist., at Waynesboro, and Montgomery. We hope the meetings were a blessing to many.

OUR VISIT TO CANADA.

For the first time in the nearly nineteen years that we have been engaged in the work of the **Visitor** have we been absent from our post of duty for a little more than three weeks. We, Sr. Detwiler and ourself, left Harrisburg on Thursday evening, June 28, and reached our home again on Tuesday morning, July 23. During this time we covered considerable of territory and got in touch and fellowship with a good many people. We spent a week in the Black Creek district in the vicinity of Stevensville, Ridgeway and Sherkston. This being our home district for fifteen

years where we were in fellowship with the church services, in the public preaching services, and also the prayer meeting and testimony services. But nineteen years have brought marked changes in different ways and one feels himself considerable of a stranger. We, of course, found a number of our former acquaintances, and the renewal of fellowship was sweet, but an entirely new generation has grown up and forms the bulk of the congregation that faces one. We were able to be present at two preaching services and three prayermeetings in the week that we spent here. We were greeted with warm heartedness and treated with the utmost kindness. We spent two days very pleasantly at Wainfleet and Pelham attending two preaching services, and calling at as many homes as possible in the short time. From July 8 to 11 we visited a daughter with her little family near Fonthill, Ont. From there we went to Waterloo Co., where we visited relatives, among them Sr. D's aged mother, who is in her 88th., year. On July 19 we went to Weston, and Toronto, visiting a daughter, and spending Sunday July 20, with the brethren of the Markham dist., meeting in worship with them twice, morning and evening. It was indeed pleasant and cheering to our hearts to renew our fellowship with so many of former acquaintances, some of whom date their Christian experience and life at some meeting which we were enabled to hold in those days long past. All of these things remind us that we are pretty far on in life's journey and the signs of the close of life's "little day" are drawing near. The hymn writer says:

BIBLE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.**A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE.****Graduation Oration.****By RUSSEL M. FIRESTONE.**

As youth stands upon the threshold of life beholding the unlimited future with the horizon glowing with the sun that is to light his path to glory, wealth, and happiness, he forgets that he is flattered by the vanity of some Utopian phantom. He stands on the path but soon realizes he is grasping an empty bubble, and ere long his brow is hid by falling silvery locks. And thus he hastens to meet his setting sun. This is not the experience of one only but many have and still will follow blindly the same course. The visions and fancies of youth are many, but it is your duty and mine to decide between the

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's
little day,
Earth's joys grow dim its glories
pass away,
Change and decay in all around I
see,"

And no wonder he concludes with
the expression

"O Thou who changest not abide
with me."

We are now again permitted to take up our Visitor work which we have, for the most part, enjoyed during the nearly nineteen years when we took up the work at Abilene, Kans., and three years later in Harrisburg, Pa. Our prayer is that the work of God may prosper in the brotherhood, that His truth may be the foundation upon which all its work may rest, and that God may rebuke all things that may be of man.

genuine and the false, since upon such discision our destiny swings. To choose the wrong means to forfeit all the good and noble in life. So that when the sun has passed the zenith of youth's career, he is compelled to acknowledge that the blight which steals over his soul indicates that he will be wanting at the end, for his ill-spent time weighed in the balances registers defeat in the conflict of life. He has no hope of retrieve or blessing or any ray to brighten his end with a cheering inspiration.

But the contemplation of the transition from this sphere of action to the beyond is an overwhelming thought, awing one to perfect silence.

The thought of the brevity and frailty of life, the insignificance of its accomplishments, and the inevitableness of eternity make one feel as a leaf driven before the autumn wind. The days of your years are three-score years and ten and if by reason of strength you live to be fourscore yet is your strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and you fly away. How short a space between two eternities! Yet when that summons comes, and the sullen call of death heralds forth those words, "As for man his days are as grass, as the flower of the field so he flourisheth," it comes against your will and you are laid in the ground with many tears and much weeping. You moulder and decay as the leaf under the winter snow and your name remains not in the minds of men; your image is not found in land nor sea nor in the stars of the impenetrable bleak beyond, "For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." As the grass and leaves die

and become indistinguishable from loam or clay thus your body shrinks and earth's workers come forth to resolve you back to the elements from which you came. You become as the rock or as the dust trodden by the feet of horses, losing all the splendor and dignity of God's highest creation.

But you are not alone in sharing this awful fate. Your ancestors have passed through it and your children and your children's children will share it after you. You will lie down with those who were above you in life as well as those who were below you,—all sharing one common resting place—and all one destiny.

Yet on the great tomb of man are found many things to comfort and to cheer the weary traveller on his journey of life. The stately somber forests, stretching their tall green tops high in the sunlight, and song birds hopping from branch to branch singing their sweet melodies; the rippling brooks winding between the grass covered hills, all have their share in lightening the burdens of mankind and making more picturesque his final resting place. The stars and planets as they make their way through the limitless expanse of space, look down upon this mighty sepulchre and seem to say: "Thou art only one of the great multitude that roll in God's universe and bury man in thy bosom."

Only a few short years, only a little longer and you will go the same path as the millions who lived before. Some day for the last time you will see the golden sun rise and cast his warm soothing beams upon your bosom. You will lie down upon your couch, perhaps without a friend to see you leave, or a wife, or a son to give you an encouraging word. Then silently without murmur you change from the highest of creation to be food for the worms of the clay or the dust of the earth driven by the summer wind. The bier carries you to

your resting place, the busy crowds give a hurried glance at the passing train and the gay laugh and shout in close proximity to it all, heeding not the sorrow and thinking not of their like fate. The man with cares and sorrows has them still; the merchant is chasing his dollar and sees not even the train veiled in black, but is thoughtless that even the dollar is vanity and that in a moment the ambition to secure wealth must fall and perish before the inevitable call of death.

Or, probably you are a renowned officer of the army. The drums are beating, and the explosions break forth worse than any thunder ever heard from the vaults of heaven. The long, thin, wavering line of men advances before the never ceasing cloud of smoke. You rush up to the fiery mouths of steel and sink as the grass before the scythe. Your plumes are steeped in blood and you are pushed into the long burying trenches with your fallen comrades. Your deeds of renown are remembered only for a moment and then their glory fades into the oblivion of the past. Thus generations rise and flourish for a moment and in their turn sink before the scythe of Time.

How dark, how hopeless a picture! Not a ray of hope to penetrate the gloom or a word of encouragement to lighten the heart of the weary. Yet the picture is as true as God's Word for in it He has declared that, "Dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return." The man without God and without hope in the world looks upon death as an unwelcome visitor to separate him from all that he has and all that he enjoys or can hope to enjoy, and to usher him into an existence of everlasting punishment and damnation.

But the man with Christ, as he comes down the path of life and sees the twilight merging into night,—is it night for him? No, it is an eternal day,—he looks forth into the great beyond with unspeakable joy to see, Jesus Christ his hope of glory.

CONTRIBUTED.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

By OMAR G. WORMAN.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3: 16).

But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5: 8).

How wonderful is the love of God that He gave His Son for you and me that thru Him we can be brought back to Him and need not perish.

And he says with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." He looks at death not as an unwelcome visitor, but as a means of obtaining an absolute perfection in Jesus Christ. When he lies upon his death-bed with a smile of joy, he says: "O, death where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?"

On the other shore he shines as the stars through all eternity and sheds his radiant beams around him. He meets his loved ones and with joy unspeakable clasps their hands in the warmest love, the mother raises her child to her bosom and brothers and sisters meet to part no more. In that great eternity he will be in the presence of the King in

"Whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall the
tender tie

Be broken; in whose reign the e-
ternal change

That waits on growth and action
shall proceed

With everlasting concord hand in
hand."

For centuries the theme has been that Christ died for the sinner, and has been the comfort of saints and sinners who were under the bondage of sin not knowing what to do, or where to go with their heavy load of sin till they learned of the love of God that He gave His Son free,—no charges only to give up your own stubborn will to Him. How thankful we should be to God for His love and mercy He has manifested toward us in that He has made provision that we can come out of the bondage of sin; for sin will bar us out of that eternal city. God is plenteous in mercy; He is always willing to forgive.

David had sinned against God. What was done in answer to his prayer when he confessed? "I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin" (Psa. 32: 5).

O the love of God! Some one may say, God does not care about me. Does He not when He says, Whosoever will may come? That includes you and me. He did not sell His Son, but gave Him. How? Why free? For what? To have everlasting life. The Lord will always forgive us our sins if we confess to Him. O His love!

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (I John 1: 9).

"There's a wideness in God's
mercy,

Like the wideness of the sea;

There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty."

He not only forgives us our sins which is only by His mercy and loving heart. But He promised Noah. "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." (Genesis 8: 22).

Can we appreciate the love of God toward us as we go along life's journey when there is so much in store for them that love Him? He gives us rain and all these blessings which man could not do without. He gives the increase, not man: but we must do our part. He gives sunshine for the crops so that they can grow for our use. This is also blessing from God. In His love for us he provides for the just and unjust: for "he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil" ((St. Luke 6: 35).

Will you say, my reader friend, God is unmerciful when He has done all this? How can you stay away from the Father when He says, Come my son, my daughter, I have given my only Son, Jesus, the pride of heaven, for you that are born in sin. He loved the world so that He gave Himself for your eternal welfare if you believe and obey Him.

The love of God was so great that heaven could not keep Him anymore. Can you see Jesus with an eye of faith? Can you fix your eyes on Mount Calvary and see the middle cross? Can you see the dying Savior as He hangs with outstretched hands? It shows His love toward us. He loved you so that He died for you. The middle cross shows that He died for all those around Him from time to eternity. There He was nailed by a wicked nation who had forgot the love of God.

There He hung for you and me. It seemed all had forsaken Him. Can you draw your mind upon the scene and see His gentle look as He was hanging there under the hot sun? Could not even rest Himself or quench His thirst. O His love toward you and me! Praise His name!

Methinks that as He hung there, the nails driven in His hands and feet, the wound must have opened wider; blood was flowing. For whom? For you and me. We are justified by His blood. "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly (Rom. 5: 8). Why? So that you might have eternal life.

The love of God! There is no redeeming quality in law. Redemption is through the blood of Christ. The hope of eternal salvation hangs upon Christ. All the faithful ones from Adam hung there hopes there. The only hope that depends for eternal life hangs on Christ.

O the love of God! Salvation is free for all, poor, or whoever you are, God will accept you if you come in through the door, Christ Jesus.

"The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,

The sun forbear to shine;

**But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine."**

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation." (Heb. 9: 28).

Everywhere we look in the Scriptures we can see the love of God, what He has done for mankind, and His holy people. He protected them from all harm: He is the same to-

day, yet there are thousands who will not believe and accept His gift of love. Man can truly outwit his brother and sister but he cannot outwit God. God can see you but you cannot see Him.

God's love is not limited to any special class. "He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." (Acts 17: 25) "He maketh his sun to rise on the just and on the unjust" (Matt. 5: 44, 45). Much more could be said of the love of God of what He has all done for His children from time to time.

**"His love for me, His love for me!
 --High as the heav'n, deep as the sea.
 Love that will last thro' eternity,
 His love for me, His love for me!**

Souderton, Pa.

SUNSET HAVEN.

By W. R. SMITH.

"Fast falls the sunset lingering gold.
 The day drifts on to evening song,
 Soon night will fall on wood and wold,
 And far above the stars shall
 throng."

I gave this name to my home, "Sunset Haven," because from the front yard I have all through the year, a clear view of the setting sun beyond the hill tops, or what the Indian would say in his own glowing language, "the going down place of the sun." Another reason was, that I am also nearing the western gateway of life, and that from this little cottage I may soon close my earthly career, and pass on and away from these earthly scenes of toil, to that sunbright clime of endless day. At the south corners of my humble home, are two apple trees, planted

there by some kind heart years ago, who was thoughtful of the future needs and comforts of his fellow-men.

On a lowly mound in the west yard is growing a little bed of flowers, called the "Crown of Go'd," which I greatly admire for their beauty, as well as the suggestive name. For every time that I view them, I am reminded of that crown of life promised by the Savior, that is laid up in heaven for the finally faithful.

Who does not love flowers? But few objects in nature are more familiar or pleasing to us than the beautiful flowers. How profusely and richly the great Creator has scattered the wild flowers over the hills, plains and fields of earth to beautify them, so that wherever man may dwell or wander, he may see these sweet love tokens of our heavenly Father's tender care for His earthly children.

In all their vast variety of many-tinted colors, forms and size, in all climes, in all their seasons of blooming and fading, even in their frailty, they speak a varied language to the heart, that appeals to every condition. Flowers have been called the stars of the earth to brighten our existence, in life, hope sorrow or good cheer. while others tell us they are the alphabet of the angels, and though they speak in whisper tones their voices are eloquent and full of meaning.

**"Sweet flowers, emblems of our
 own great resurrection. Emblems of
 a bright and better land."**

In fair weather as the evening comes on. I sit out in the yard under the old apple tree and watch the

sun go down. Most delightful it is that was hid from my mortal view by to rest in calm repose at the twilight the purpling mystic walls glowing hour and enjoy the cool, soft, re- with twilight grandeur, where blest freshening breeze, which is like sweet immortals walked beneath amaran-incense from the fields, woods and thine bowers in robes of spotless meadows, where countless flowers white? But now I know in part, for bloom. Along the distant western I have traveled over some of it, along horizon, lies a long line of timbered the old Indian war trails, scores of hills, that tower up into the clear years ago. There is no mystery to blue, as silent sentinels of the past me now, as to some of the unseen ages, watching over the lonely prairie space beyond the hill tops of the sun-ies that reaches far away into the set land, for I have been there. Over almost limitless expanse. there in the northwest in Fort

In these sacred vesper hours, while Dodge, Kansas, farther south is communing with Jesus, and meditating on the future, the troubles and camp supply and old Forts Cobb and cares of life fade away, and the sor- Sill. I know that they are there for I have been there and seen them. rows of yesterday are as the clouds But beyond the sunset portal of that swiftly pass, and heaven seems life, there is another land. It is very near. And here I live all alone, farther away than the stars. I have except for God's holy angels who never been there, nor have I ever watch over and encamp around me. seen one that came from that home while Jesus reigns within. His bless- of the blest on that beautiful shore, ed presence is very precious to me but I know that somewhere in the and brings light, joy and peace, as boundless universe of God, beyond the bright gentle morning comes where the bright planets roll, there with the fragrant bloom of flowers, is a land that is fairer than day, that and the song of birds, and fills the mortal eyes cannot behold, a city soul with sweet repose and blessings. whose splendor can never be told by A golden fringed cloud above the set- human tongue. I call it the Home-ting sun often appears to me like land, not because I have seen it, but some fairy castle of the blest in the because I see it now by faith. And blessed beyond, built for some of the dearer each day becomes the blessed glorified on the beach of the azure hope, that soon a wondrous change sea. While the sinking sun as it will come and transform me forever enters the western gate, sends back into the likeness of my glorious Sav- long banners of light on the depart- iour. The greater part of the event- ing cloud, till they seem like crimson ful journey of life is now behind me. ships on seas of gold, floating in the The shadows are growing longer in sky. In my youthful days I often the valley as I near the sunset portal. wondered what lay beyond the many Like a worn and weary pilgrim, I hail leagues of the broad green flower be- each setting sun, knowing that I am spangled prairies that stretched a- nearer my Father's house of many way toward the far off hills of the mansions. And yet while passing sunset land. Was there a sunny through the shadowy vale here be- climate of radiant light and beauty, low, the mountain tops are gleaming

from peak to peak with God's everlasting love, and by faith I behold the land on the other shore, where I soon shall rest.

"There is land ahead,
Its fruits are waving.
O'er the fields of fadeless green,
And its peaceful waters laving,
Shores where heavenly forms are
seen."

Pryor, Okla.

THE SOURCE OF SUCCESS.

"This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success." Joshua 1: 8.

What a divine contract. Our success and our prosperity, mental, physical and spiritual, will depend upon our attitude to the word of God.

The greatest of my victories, the happiest and the sweetest of my moments, the richest of my fellowship, the brightest of my days, the power within and without have been the offspring of my meditation upon the word of God. It is the reservoir of my salvation, the home of my new birth, the most glorious camp of my training, the asylum of my weakness, my anchorage and my port. The Lord has crowned every effort which was put forth in His name, made the way prosperous and auspicious and thus blessed it with good success. He has hitherto helped me, praise His name.

Since the December of 1917 I have been toiling day and night for the alleviation of my blood and race, the

starving attenuated, unoffending and Christian Armenians who are sore broken in the place of dragons and covered with the shadow of death. The experiences have been copious and marvelous.

Difficulties? Yes. But the triumphs and trophies are more abundant. A brief period was spent in northern California and Oregon. It is now four months that I have been connected with the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief in Spokane, Washington, and have been lecturing in the states of Montana, Idaho and Washington from three to five times each day. Within the last six months I have entered every denomination outside the Roman Catholic. Besides the nearly two hundred churches I had engagements in universities, colleges, high schools, grammar schools, municipal halls, court houses, theatres, women's clubs, ad clubs, Red Cross centers, labor unions and women missionary societies to present the greatest need and the cry of hunger that come from the riven soul of millions of men, women and children in Bible Lands.

At the close of a meeting one night in the neighborhood of 11 P. M. the high school superintendent invited me to address a meeting conducted by the Eastern Star people (lodge). I said they are singing doxology so it must be time to close. "Oh, no," he said, "It's just beginning." This was around 12:30 A. M. He took the lead and we went up the narrow and curving steps guiding upward into the arena of worldly pleasure and voluptuousness, where a swarm of heterogeneous, foppish, coxcombical men and women were floating and oscillating at the tip of their toes like

the ancient Dutch mill caught up by our prophets, our Apostles, our Bible, the mideaval cyclone performing a our religion and yes our Christ and modern dance. I soon let them know our Redeemer! Let us discharge our solemn debt, responsibility to these races by feeding their hungry myriads, whose soul is bowed down to the dust :and whose belly cleaveth unto the earth; while it is day, for when the night cometh no man can work!

The Lord stood by my side while I tried to bring the sorrow-laden and death-stricken world before these pleasure absorbed men and women and the millions who are starving across the waters. Soon the heads were dropped in solemnity, eyes were filled with tears, and as I gave them the opportunity at the end of ten minutes a sum of \$452 was gathered for the relief. This is only one of the many experiences.

During the last two months every night's effort resulted in bringing one thousand dollars and several twelve hundred and fifteen hundred.

Through our efforts alone, which were put forth in His name, in Montana, Idaho, and Eastern Washington; since our connection with the American Committee, the sum of one hundred thousand (\$100,000.00) dollars has been raised. What a glorious fulfillment of Joshua 1: 8! I hope the readers will realize, however; that, the above sum is not made up altogether from large contributions, but included from ten cents (10¢) up, to hundreds of dollars: in fact, the Method of the American Committee for Armenian & Syrian Relief, approved by the state department at Washington D. C. is (30¢) per capita throughout the Nation Wide: so that, there is plenty room for the Widow's mite. No sum is too big and none too small, to feed the starving, men, women and children of the Martyrs in the Lands of Christ. The children of those races, Armenians, Greeks, Syrians and Jews: the races that have given us,

I have just returned from an eastern trip. I spent two busy weeks in Boston, Massachusetts.

On my way back from Chicago to Spokane, Washington on the Milwaukee, Chicago and St. Paul I had an evangelistic meeting in the tourist car as a result of a conversation with an unbeliever in hell. Two persons were converted and several soldiers as well as civilians renewed their vow to God and thus to lead better Christian lives. Oh, the hunger for God and gospel, how great it is!

I have enjoyed my three days during the General Conference and was glad to see the advancement on the Missionary enterprise. I hope and pray that we will never be satisfied nor congratulate ourselves of the good work we are doing, until by our giving and going we shall bring Jesus, down whom we love and serve and hear from His own lips, well done good and faithful servant!

Yours in His service,

M. P. Krikorian.

P. S.—Please forward all correspondence to 546 Peyton Bldg., Spokane, Washington.

HOW A CHRISTIAN SHOULD DRESS.

By REV. F. LINCIONCE.

All ready some of you who are in the habit of judging others by your

self or measure a whole city by your own little block, have said the hour could have been spent in preaching upon one or a dozen other subjects of greater importance. Yet we have no apology to offer for preaching upon a subject that is not beneath the wisdom of God and of enough importance for God to give specific and punctual directions upon. For God says in I Pet. 3: 3, 4: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel."

I Tim. 2: 9-10 "In like manner also that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame facedness and sobriety, not with broided hair or gold, or pearls or costly array but which becometh women professing godliness, with good works." Just because a few people go to extremes in harping upon dress and outward adorning the great majority of professing Christians and some of the so-called holiness folk seem to pay no attention to the extravagance in dress and jewelry which is swamping so many souls into darkness.

G. D. Watson says a great many people can not bear to have their outer adornment alluded to for they tell us that religion is in the heart and not in the clothes we wear. It is true we must drive plainly at the heart and get that right but poor human nature is so blind and slow to learn that we must according to God's word look after the practical details of holiness as well as the doctrine and experience.

It is a shame to see so many professing religion dangling off in the heathenish habit of jewelry.

You say where is the dividing line

in this matter of what and what not to wear

In legitimate articles of dress no one can draw the absolute line, but in articles of jewelry which are absolutely useless it seems that any one ought to draw the line.

Ear rings, finger rings, bracelets, gold chains, charms and trinkets are not articles of clothing, they add nothing to brains, they add nothing to beauty, they add nothing to comfort, they add nothing to health, they are absolutely without a rational use, and conduce to nothing in the world but vanity.

Now anything that is utterly useless, can only be harmful. You say that the wearing of jewelry is a life long habit with you and does not stand in your way. I reply that many sins are life long habits and do not stand in the way of those who commit them: some have been lying and stealing and back biting from childhood, they commit these sins day after day as thoughtlessly as you can trick yourself out in useless adornment. You say your rings and trinkets were inherited from your dear parents and you wear them for their sakes. Well you inherited your depravity from your parents, some inherit their taste for tobacco and thirst for drink from their parents.

If you are going to deck your self out in some of the vices of your parents why not all of them. If one is decked off in dear grandmother's jewelry, why should not another be decked off in dear grandfather's drunkenness. If we are born of God we must drop the inherited things. You say you deck out with them and it does not hurt you but if you will do as my text says it will hurt you and

the fact is it does hurt you more than you realize. Some say I wear my rings, etc., and never think of them. Why is it you always remember to put the stuff on every time you go out. What a lovely sight to see men and women modestly arrayed with bright salvation faces with ears and arms, hands necks clean from the needless, senseless trapping of vanity. On the other hand what an ugly incongruous sight to see them tricked out in the external garb of the devil.

A Christian has no right to prodigalize God's money in useless adornment or in any other way, we should avoid all unnecessary expenditure of the Lord's money lest we prove unfaithfull stewards. Hence we see gold is positively forbidden as a personal adornment. God says the silver and gold is mine. He needs it as a circulating medium and we have no right to take it out and appropriate it to feed our pride. If the people of America would pull the gold from their ears, and the rings from their fingers and bracelets from their arms and needless chains from their necks and the silver out of their cupboards and turn it back into a circulating medium it would furnish millions with which to help evangelize the world.

The woman that Peter describes does not prodigalize her time, to feed her vanity by curling her hair, neither does she wear gold nor any other kind of jewelry.

This discription is obligatory on all having the full force of divine commandments as God commands us all to be holy. Neither does this woman put on superfluous ornaments for mere show but she is simple, modest

and neat in her personal appearance free from the disgusting and expensive gaities and vanities and follies of needless, senseless ornamentation.

Ever since the devil disrobed our father and mother Eve the world has been trying to replace it with one of fig leaves and ever since this fig leaf sewing life has become a question of clothes; and Bud Robinson says ever since we have been wearing second hand clothes. That new all wool suit worn by the young man last Sabbath was not new. It was worn on the back of an old sheep for a long time and worn as an every day scuff suit at that. That new hat with two big black nodding plumes on it that cost twenty-five dollars was worn in the tail of an old ostrich a long time before it got on the top of her head. Anyhow I do not believe God wants a woman to wear a twenty-five dollar hat on a ten cent head. There are too many many ruffles on the dress, too many combs in the hair, too many flowers on the hat. Go into some places of worship on Easter morning and you will hardly know whether you are in a flower garden or a hen roost. When I see flowers on the top of a woman's head I say oh well flowers only grow in soft places any how.

Too many rings in the ears and on the fingers,

Too many brass bands on the arms,
Too many chains around the neck,
Too many rats and combs in the hair,

Too much powder on the nose,
Too much paint on the cheeks.

Feminine piety never appears at such a good advantage as when clad in plain, simple, modest dress.

What artist ever painted his an-

gels with birds and feathers and artificial flowers and gaudy colors and extravagant ornaments of jewelry. These trappings only hide and mar the beauty and his beauty should not be marred by such superfluous ornaments.

No king or queen ever lived with such absolute power as the king or queen of fashion. Queen fashion cheats her devotees out of valuable time, health, comfort and beauty and all of this with the one remuneration that it is better to endure pain and endanger health and mar beauty and live a lie in order to be in style, than to have comfort, ease and be real even if not in style.

This insane queen issues her orders and at the sacrifice of health, comfort, beauty and Christian piety all her subjects must bow.

If she requires silks from France or lace from Holland or furs from Alaska they must be had.

If she requires naked arms and bared breasts and comparative nakedness for winter and woolen garments for summer it must be had.

If she orders that the circulation of our bodies be retarded by steel whale bones and cords she speaks and she is obeyed.

If she orders peek a boo waists and when she was a little more decent and modest than she now is that is the kind she ordered but since she has crossed the line of decency she orders the kind that there is no peek about it, it is all "boo."

So if she orders sleeveless waists and abbreviated skirts and imitation stockings and dresses her up in such a way that she challenges every man who beholds her to study her anatomy she only has to speak and it is done.

What strange notions we have any how when it comes to adorning our person. Paints and powder for the face, rats and combs for the head, puffs and curls for the hair, frills and furbelows for the waist and the unsatisfied masses are ready for any thing that comes along whether it be a long skirt or a short skirt, whether it be long sleeves or short sleeves, whether it be a high neck or a low neck or no neck at all for I declare to you I have been in the presence of some women when I would not have had to look very close to see the like of which I had never seen since I was weaned.

Whether it be a tight skirt or a loose skirt, whether it be high heels or low heels, whether it be a large hat or a small hat.

Look at the dead birds on women's hats and to me it is a baffling psychological mystery why a woman wants a bird on her hat.

What is it? It is a confession on her part, written on a banner carried on the top of her head, that she needs unnatural aids to make her beautiful for the bird adorns the woman: no woman adorns the bird. To refined minds the woman is prettier without the bird and to all minds the bird is prettier without the woman.

The bird on her hat is a constant reminder that the vanity of a woman can ruthlessly throttle the sweetest music that ever kissed the soul and enslave the most perfect type of freedom God ever gave, and mar the purest thing of beauty in the world and then can place the evidence of her heartless crimes above her brow and ask us to look and think her more beautiful.

Is it any wonder that humanity has sickened of it and has made laws

to protect them and in so doing say to us that the beautiful birds shall stay where God put them in the fields and the woods and meadows and not on hats to be worn by women professing godliness. Queen fashion has driven many a man mad and put him to his wits end from day light till dark from January to December, in order to supply the ward robe of his fashion loving wife and children.

Benedict Arnold traitor of the revolution sold his country to get money to supply his wife's ward robe according to his own confession.

Thousands of girls have sold their woman-hood for fashion. Their wage has not been sufficient to keep them decked in the latest and the latest they must have or be forced out of society and the circle. They must either steal or sell their virtue. They cannot steal so they sell their virtue.

So the new change of fashion that comes so often is many times the price of virtue. Good authority tells us that 30% of the fallen girls of New York city come through this door way.

Friends, if their must be a place in which to display diamonds, silks, brooches, ear rings, finger rings, bracelets, plumes, birds, artificial flowers, immense bows of gaudy ribbons, frizzled heads, powdered noses, hand painted cheeks, abbreviated skirts, immitation stockings, sleeveless waists, perfumes, and gaudy hats of immense proportions let it not be in the church of the meek and lowly Christ, but let it be at the wine party, or card table, or dance hall, or towdy theater where the meek and lowly Christ has never entered, can never enter and where true Christian piety is never found.

It is a fact admitted by men and women of piety and intelligence every where that the matter of female dress or undress, for we do not find so much fault with the quality of the dress as with the quantity: many a woman wears a waist that cost five dollars a yard but the trouble is she only bought forty-five cents worth, yet female dress has long since crossed the line of modesty and decency.

You can make a study of the prints and drawings and sculptures of the past 5000 years and find nothing to equal the shameless, senseless, styles, that are worn today on the crowded streets and summer resorts and choirs of many of the back slidden churches of America. Exercise all the forbearance we can and all the patience we may we are compelled to say the modern dress of the women of today is enough to stop a clock and is an out rage against God and a crime against decency. If this improper and suggestive dress was confined to the slums it would be some different but it is not. It is every where in the stores and schools on the streets and in the church.

The choir lofts of the churches in this country have a startling display of naked arms and breasts. As one stands off and looks on he would suppose he were in the garden of Eden by the exposure of so much flesh.

What is more heart breaking and distasteful to a real saint of God than a godless choir decked out in the external garb of the devil singing, "Come ye sinners poor and needy." Just how the powers that be ever got the consent of their minds to let a bunch of godless, thoughtless, giddy, giggling sinners take such a prominent and important part in the wor-

ship of God and get a monopoly on the singing is beyond me.

I am sure God turns from the silly, thoughtless, godless, giggling, giddy, fashion loving, theater going, card playing choir. He does not listen to their songs and instruments and by and by He will put in the sickle of His wrath and sweep the whole bunch into hell.

The greatest and most beautiful adornment for men and women is that meek and quiet spirit which comes from the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

Let us keep on this adornment for it is becoming to holy men and women professing religion and very unbecoming for God's sheep to go dressed in wolf's clothing, He that wears a wolf's skin is a wolf. Those who are robed in righteousness in their soul are robed in modesty in their bodies.

Oh ye professing Christians of Canton continue to adorn yourself in modest apparel with shamefacedness not with gold etc., and be consistent by keeping the external garb of the devil off of your children. If it is wrong for you to deck yourself out in the trappings of the devil it is wrong for you to put them on your children.

"Oh consistency thou art a jewel."

Friends, has not the time come for your emancipation proclamation when you should rise up in the strength of God and declare yourself free from the autocracy of the goddess of fashion and walk out in the freedom of the democracy of common sense, common decency, good judgment, and sound reason?

Canton. Ohio.

NEWS OF CHURCH ACTIVITY in the HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS.

MISSIONARY ADDRESSES.

Bish. H. P. and Grace Steigerwald, Eld. H. J. and Emma Frey, Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, S. Africa.

H. Frances Davidson, Sr. Sallie Doner, Lewis & Elizabeth Steckley, Macha Mission, Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, S. Africa.

Walter O. and Abbie B. Winger, Miss Hannah Baker, Miss Sadie Book, Miss Cora Alvis, Miss Mary Heisey, Mtshabezi Mission, Bulawayo, Private Bag, S. Rhodesia, S. Africa.

Eld. A. C. Winger, Box 5263 Johannesburg, Transvaal, S. Africa.

Eld. Myron and Adda Taylor, Sika-longa Mission, Choma S. Africa.

INDIA.

Eld. H. L. and Katie Smith, Ruth Byer, Saharsa, Bhogalpur dist., B. & N. Wn Ry., India.

D. E. and Lottie Rohrer, Anita and Gladys Zarger, Supaul, B. & W. Ry., India.

Effie Rohrer, Dauram Madhipura, N. Bhagalpur, B. & W. Ry., India.

Following not under F. M. Board.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Adra, B. N. R. India.

MISSIONARIES ON FURLOUGH.

I. O. and Alice Lehman, Hamlin, Kans.

OUR CITY MISSIONS.

Buffalo Mission, 25 Hawley St., in charge of Geo. and Effie Whisler.

Chicago Mission, 6039 Halstead St., in charge of Sarah Bert and Workers.

Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, 1194 14th St., in charge of Bish. J. R. Zook & wife.

Jabbok Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of Bro. and Sr. Samuel Switzer.

Dayton Mission, 601 Taylor St., in charge of W. H. and Susie Boyer.

San Francisco Mission, 3739-20th. St., in charge of Eld. Wilbur Snider & wife.

Philadelphia Mission 3423 N. 2nd. St., in charge of Eld. Wilbur Snider & wife.

Mt. Carmel Home, Morrison, Ill., in charge of Sr. Katie Bollinger, and Harvey W. and Elizabeth Hoke.

PHILADELPHIA MISSION.

Greeting you all in the precious name of Jesus who is "the faithful witness, and the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth. "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood; and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

"Praise the Lord all ye people, praise his holy name."

We come to you with another month's report of the work here. First we want to praise the Lord for His love and mercy towards His children, and for the rich blessings He does bestow upon us both spiritual and temporal.

We thank the dear ones in Jesus' name, who have so bountifully given of their means towards the work here, I am sure the Lord will bless you in this life, and in that which is to come.

I can say that the Lord is with us and that His power is being manifest. We had a very nice lovefeast here June 15, and the Lord met with us. Bishops H. K. Kreider and Jacob Bowers officiated, assisted by Elders Noah Hess, H. Stout and Ed. Rosenberger.

On Sunday afternoon we met by the creek side where baptism was administered. Two sisters confessed Christ before the world by being buried with Him in the liquid stream, to walk in newness of life. May their lives show to the world that they have touched the hem of his garment. There are still others that feel led the plain way: may the Holy Spirit lead them and not man, then they will stand for God. There is a great difference between believers and professors. You can see the distinction all through the scriptures. We might note a few scriptures:

Gen 4: 3-5. Matt. 13: 24-30, 37-43.

Exo. 12: 38.

Num. 11: 4-6.

Neh. 13: 1-3.

II Cor. 11: 13-15.

Gal. 2: 4.

II Peter 2: 1-2.

Neh. 7: 63-65.

How many there are today who are trying to work for their own salvation, instead of working out a salvation already received as a free gift. See Phil. 2: 12, 13 and Eph. 2: 8, 9. The following will sufficiently indicate the lines of demarcation. Believers are saved. Professors lost.

True Believers.

Luke 7: 50.

Acts 2: 24.

John 10: 2, 29.

John 6: 37-39.

Matt. 25: 10.

Rom. 3: 22.

Rev. 19: 7, 8.

John 10: 14.

II Tim. 2: 19.

John 6: 47.

John 17: 24.

Phil. 1: 6.

Heb. 10: 39.

Pretenders.

Acts 8: 13, 21.

I John 2: 19.

John 6: 64-66.

Matt. 25: 11-12.

Matt. 23: 28-33.

Matt. 22: 11-13.

Matt. 7: 22-23.

James 2: 14.

Heb. 6: 4-6.

Heb. 10: 38.

May the Holy Spirit make these scripture passages real to our hearts and let us see which side we are on before Jesus comes. O let us keep our heart open to the voice of God, for anything that He has for us that will glorify Jesus' precious name. Continue to pray for the work here that many souls may be saved. The workers go to the station house at 6 o'clock Sunday mornings back to church services 10.30 Sunday School 2.15 P. M. Street services 6. 45. Church services 8 P. M. so you see our Sabbath is a full day for the Lord.

FINANCIAL.

Bal. June 1, 1918, \$29.87.

RECEIPTS.

Bro. David Brehm, Pa., \$5; A Brother,

\$5; A Brother, \$5; A Brother, \$2; Sr. Katie Garis, Silverdale, \$1; Sr. Elizabeth Brandle, deceased, \$1.00; and a quilt, Campbellstown, Pa., A brother Juniatta Co., \$2.60; Sr. Anna Hess, Lancaster, \$5; A Sister, Phila., \$1; donated at love feast, \$10; In His name, Souderton, \$1; Sunday evening offerings, \$9.37. Total, \$77.84.

EXPENSES.

Kitchen acct., \$33.60; gas, \$3.50; poor, \$4; clothing and shoes, \$10; carfare, Silverdale and Trappe, \$2.62; City fare and incidentals, \$3.50. Total, \$56.22.

Bal. July 1, 1918, \$21.62.

OTHER DONATIONS.

Bro. Bender, salad and beets for love-feast, Bro. Landis, 3 doz. eggs, Sr. Garis, 1 qt. honey, Sr. Ed. Rosenberger salad and rhubarb, Sr. Lebeck, Grantham, dried fruit, Sr. Stout vegetables, Bro. Eshel-mans potatoes, butter, eggs, cream, Sr. Odgers, 2 doz. eggs, Sr. Martha Landis, 8 dish towels, Sr. Mary Murry, salad, Sr. Mary Stover, cakes, Sr. Nevins beans.

We thank the brothers and sisters for their care of us in sharing of their blessings that we might be blessed with them.

In His services for souls,

Wilber & Elizabeth Snider.

DAYTON MISSION.

We come to you once more thru the Visitor, giving one more report of the work here. We greet you with Col. 3: 2: "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." Those words were made so clear to me the other Sunday morning, and the contrast was brought before me so impressively, of the things above and things on the earth. As I was upon my knees looking to my Lord in prayer, and meditation in behalf of the services for that day, the Spirit of the Lord came so near to me,

and it just seemed as if heaven had opened to my vision, and O, the most precious scene that I was permitted to behold thru the Spirit! And the most sacred sensation that did come to my soul I am unable to describe. The first being that was brought before my vision, as it were, (while being surrounded by such a hallowed influence) was Jesus, seated upon a throne, but it seemed as if there was heavy mist, or smoke intervening. The thought came to me, I wonder why this was, and why it was so hard, and difficult to see who Jesus was, and the answer came. The awful waging and predominating sin of this world, the cold profession, formality, the ungodliness and the unbelief of the professed church has so prevailed and abounded and has so beclouded spiritually, that very little of the true Spirit of Christ is to be seen any more in this world. Just as Isa. 59: 2 says: "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God and your sins have hid His face from you, that He will not hear." also Deut 31: 17-18, "Then my anger shall be kindled against them in that day, and I will forsake them, and I will hide my face from them, and they shall be devoured, and many evils and troubles shall befall them: so that they will say in that day, these evils come upon us because our God is not among us, and I will surely hide my face in that day for all the evils which they shall have wrought, in that they are turned unto other gods."

While I beheld Jesus so far back in the fog, as it appeared, I could yet make out to see that He was still seated upon the throne of mercy, yet willing to save the lost: but very few, apparently, could see him anymore. I verily believe, that the Gentile age is nearing its close, and that the day of grace is ebbing away, and that the Holy Spirit of our God will

soon take its flight from this dark, and sin-cursed world. The Lord said unto Noah, My Spirit shall not always strive with man. --And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. Is it not true, to set our affections on things of the earth will mean destruction and eternal despair. Will it not be severe when Jesus comes to those who have their heart affections set on things of the earth?

When the wrath of our God strikes this earth will it not be as a heavy bolt of electricity? No one will escape the death stroke who have any connection with this sinful world affectionally. Let us heed these words of warning, and let us receive the admonition of the Lord, that we may not yield to temptations in these tremendous days of tests and trials. O beloved, let us not become involved in the things of earth, and fail to seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

Let me say, my dearly beloved, if we ever expect to be numbered with that heavenly throng above, it will mean to keep pure and clean, in heart and hands in this world, and if it will cost our lives to do so. Let us remember we will soon be in eternity, and shall be brought before the great judgment bar, there our account to give, and there all the nations of the earth can never adjust or change the result of our failure, if we have disobeyed our God while here.

We are glad for the few who are yet heard calling upon the Lord for mercy. Truly the Lord is worthy of honor and glory from our lives, as He has so bountifully cared for our needs once more thru His dear people. We do thank you very much. May God bless you in these dark days is our prayer.

FINANCIAL.

Report for June 1918.

Balance on hand, \$9.85.

RECEIPTS.

A sister, West Milton, O., \$5; Valley Chapel S. S. Canton, O., \$8.65; A brother, \$8; Sada Hasler, Elizabethtown, Pa., \$5; Elizabeth B. Brandt, Orange, N. J. \$5; Catherine Lehman, Carlisle, Pa., \$5; A sister, \$1; A brother, Elizabethtown, Pa., \$10; Hettie Hershey, West Milton, O., \$.50; Mission offerings, \$5.41 Total, \$63.41.

EXPENDITURES.

Table account, \$11.32; light, \$.77; gas, \$.68; car tickets, \$.90; phone, \$.20; incidentals, \$1.96. Total, \$15.83. Balance on hand July 1, 1918, \$47.58.

POOR FUND.

Balance on hand, \$3.57.

RECEIPTS.

Anna Hersh, Mansfield, O., \$.25.

Balance on hand, July 1, 1918, \$3.82.

Donations.—Articles were donated by Mary Taylor, Mammie Herr, Alfred Gray, Daisy Miller, Harriett Engle, Ella Etter, Albert Engle, Eliza Engle.

Special.—Edward Engles, 11 doz. eggs. one gal. apple butter, Iva Herr, rhubarb. currents and red raspberries that made 2 gal. of spreading, Isaac Engle 1 gal. apple butter.

We shall continue with you in the interest of precious souls.

W. H. and Susie Boyer.

601 Taylor St., Dayton, O.

CHICAGO MISSION.

Again two months have passed since our last report, and today we are no less crowded with the pressing duties which come to us daily.

(Continued on page 22.)

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

To Subscribers:—1. Our terms are cash in advance.

2. When writing to have your address changed, be sure to give both old and new address.

3. The date on the printed label will show to subscribers when their subscription expires.

4. If you do not receive the Visitor within ten days from date of issue write us at once and we will send the number called for.

To the Poor—who are unable to pay—we send the paper free on the recommendation of others or upon their individual requests. Individual requests must be renewed every six months as a matter of good faith.

To Correspondents—1. Articles for publication should be written on one side of the paper only. Write all business letters on separate sheets.

2. Communications without the author's name will receive no recognition.

3. Communications for the Visitor should be sent to the Editor at least ten days before date of issue.

GRANTHAM, PA., JULY 29, 1918.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF THE TREASURERS OF THE DIFFERENT BOARDS.

Foreign Missions:—S. G. Engle, 4014 Spring Garden, Philadelphia, Pa.

Home Missions:—D. R. Eyster, Thomas, Okla.

Beneficiary and poor:—H. O. Musser, Elizabethtown, R. R. 3, Pa.

Executive Board:—Amos Wolgemuth, Mt. Joy, Pa.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

that the editor of the VISITOR has his home in Harrisburg, Pa., and that all correspondence, whether it has to do with subscriptions, renewals or new, and all contributions for the VISITOR pages should always be addressed to the editor, Geo. Detwiler, 1175 Bailey St., Harrisburg, Pa.

MARRIAGES.

SMITH.—SMITH.—On June 19, 1918, at the home of the bride, Chicago, Ill., there were united in holy wedlock, Eld. Joseph A., youngest son of the late Bish. S. R. Smith of Grantham, Pa., and Frances A., daughter of Mary A. Smith of Chicago, Ill., Bish. J. R. Zook of Des Moines, Ia., officiated. Five generations were represented on the bride's family tree.

VANNATTER.—OTT.—Married at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Malissa Learn, near Ridgeway, Ont., on June 26, 1918. Bro. William Vannatter of the Houghton Mission, Norfolk Co., Ont., to Sr. Della Ott of Ridgeway, Welland Co., Ont., Eld. Girvin Bearss officiating.

EYSTER.—ENGLE.—At the home of the bride's parents, Bro. and Sr. M. L. Engle of near Thomas, Okla., on July 11, 1918, Bish. D. R. Eyster, father of the bridegroom officiating, there occurred the marriage of Jesse Eyster and Ruth Engle in the presence of a large company of friends.

OBITUARIES.

WITMER.—Elizabeth Anna Doner, was born in Markham, Ont., on April 24, 1854, died May 31, 1918, aged 64 years 1 month and 7 days. She was married to Isaac Witmer of Wilmot, Waterloo dist., on Feb. 1, 1910. When about ten or twelve years old she came with her parents to Nottawasaga where she had her home until she was married. Quite early in life she was converted to God and united with the Brethren in Christ or Tunker church. Her devoted Christian life has been a means of inspiration to many with whom she came in contact. Her amiable deportment in life also had won for her many friends as she passed down the pathway of life. In her demise the family, and also the church has lost one who was deeply interested in their welfare. She leaves to mourn their loss, her husband and family, two brothers, Abram of Nottawa, and John of Tor-

onto, besides many friends. Sometime in January last she requested to be anointed according to James 5: 14 which was complied with, and the Lord graciously acknowledged the act, and gave bodily relief. But apparently her allotted time of life had run its course. The soul took its leave and the body was laid away to rest in the Rose Bank cemetery. Funeral services were conducted by Bish. John Reichard assisted by Elders N. Wildfong, S. Cober and Manassa Hallman (Mennonite). Text Rev. 14: 13.

HOFFMAN.—Sr. Nancy Hoffman was born at Marklesburg, Huntington Co., Pa., died of paralysis, June 23, 1918, in Canton, O., aged 74 years and 12 days. She was the daughter of Samuel and Mary Bowers. In 1865 she was united in marriage to Jacob Hoffman to which union were born two daughters. One daughter preceded her to the spirit world in 1895, also her husband in 1913. Besides her daughter she leaves six grand children and one great-grandchild, also three brothers. A brother and sister preceded her in death. She was converted about thirty years ago and later united with the Brethren in Christ church. Funeral services were held at Valley Chapel, Canton, O., June 26, being conducted by Bish. John Smith. Text Matt. 25: 44. Burial in adjoining cemetery.

KLIFFT.—Elizabeth Ruppert Klippert departed this life on June 21, 1918, at her home in Nottawa district, Ont., aged 83 years, all but two days. She with her parents came from Hessen Germany about the year 1862. Some years after she was married to William Klippert, who with his parents came from the same place in 1850. About the year 1872 they were converted and identified themselves with the Brethren in these parts. In June 1875 Bro. Klippert was chosen to the ministry, and labored faithfully in that capacity until he lost his speech five years ago. Sister Klippert stood under the arms of her husband all the years of his ministry, and only survived him four months. They together enjoyed to a great extent, all those years

the respect of the church, and also of the community in which they lived. Six daughters and a number of grand children, together with four sons-in-law are left to mourn the loss of their dear parents, and have the sympathy of all who know them. Their parents being dead yet speak. The writer visited the sister the day before her death, and was pleased to find her in a happy spiritual mood, expressing herself in thankfulness to God for saving her and giving her the assurance in heart of entering into His glory, after death. The night before her departure she spoke to all in the house about the welfare of their soul, entreating all to give their heart to God, and meet her in glory. May God grant her that noble request. The funeral services were conducted by the writer at the home of the departed sister, assisted by the Methodist minister of the community. Text—Psalm 116: 15: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. Psalm 49: 8: "For the redemption of their soul is precious."

C. Baker.

KACHEL.—On May 22, 1918, the stern messenger of death entered the home of Ira T. and Sr. Annie Kachel of No. 678½ Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa., and claimed as his own their oldest son V. Paul, aged 7 years, 6 months and 1 day. Such is life. As soon as a child is born it is ripe for death. It is sometimes a wonder why this is so, but God has a purpose in view, and can make no mistake in what He does. Such experiences are sad but at this present time many a father and mother would rejoice if God would deal with them as he did with this family. Funeral services were conducted at the house by Eld. Noah Z. Hess, and at the United Evangelical church at Cressville by Bish. C. N. Hostetter assisted by the Rev. Ferguson.

O the morning happy morning, that will
break on yonder shore,
When the march of life is ended, and our
harvest work is o'er,
When we stand amid the gloaming, and
our hearts with joy are bright,
While we say to those around us, with
a loving smile Good night.

CHICAGO MISSION.

(Continued from page 19).

We are reminded of the great need of watchfulness, lest by these things we are robbed of the time which belongs to the soul and God.

"My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him."

"Show me now thy way that I may know thee" (Ex. 33: 13).

"Lead me in thy truth and teach me, for thou art the God of my salvation. On thee do I wait all the day" (Psa. 24: 5).

Here is where the child of God enters into a deep fellowship with Him and learns to know God. To sit at His feet brings us into that life of victory which has been purchased for us through Jesus our Lord.

O the morning blissful morning that from
every care is free,
And forever with our Saviour and Redeemer
we shall be
When the silver cord is broken, and our
spirits wing their flight,
Only pausing till our dear ones catch the
loving words Good Night.

O the morning golden morning, we shall
see it by and by,
Faith beholds it in the distance, and
its dawning draweth nigh;
Here we part for time is fleeting, ever
fading from our sight,
But in yonder happy morrow, we shall
never say Good Night.

HARVEST MEETINGS.

Gratersford M. H., at 2 p. m., Aug. 17.
Silverdale M. H., 2 p. m., Aug. 10.

At the home of Eliab N. Wenger near Mowersville, Pa., on Saturday, Aug. 10, an all-day meeting. Preaching service at Mowersville M. H. on Sunday Aug. 11.

Cordial invitations to all who wish to attend these services accompany these announcements.

It was our privilege to attend Conference where we met many of like precious faith. As we listened to the preaching of His Word and the witnessing of the saints to the power of God, our hearts were encouraged to go forward trusting Him for the overcoming of every difficulty and the removing of the opposing powers. Satan is indeed a conquered foe. Praise the Lord.

We also thanked God for the privilege of entertaining some of the dear saints in the Mission home. How sweet was that fellowship. Tho' their visit to and from conference was very brief we wished they might be with us longer, yet we thanked God that He saw us worthy. To know that we have the prayers of His children brings strength into the work. We wish we might be able to express our appreciation for the help of His dear children. Above all do we covet prayer. It is prayer and faith that will put the enemy of souls to flight and bring victory. Bless the Lord.

FINANCIAL.

Report for month ending May 15, 1918.
Bal. carried over, \$42.23.

RECEIPTS.

In His Name, \$2; Bro. Wenger, Ill., \$1; John Garman, Harrisburg, Pa., \$2; D. Martin, Dixon, Ill., \$—; Cora Albright, Shannon, Ill., \$5; Brethren, Shannon, Ill., \$4.50; Y. P., \$3; In His Name, 1; M. Doner, Ohio, \$5. Total, \$87.06.

EXPENDITURES.

Table supplies, \$37.68; gas and electricity, \$7.10.
Bal. on hand, \$42.10.

Report for month ending June 15.
Bal. carried over, \$42.23

RECEIPTS.

Fannie Bert, Abilene, Kans., \$5; Bro. Hoke, Ohio, \$10; Anna Steckley, Ont., \$2;

J. N. Engle, Abilene, Kans., \$2; In His Name, \$5; W. C. Deemy, Dallas Center, Iowa, \$5; Roy Witter, Navarre, Kans., \$5; W. Page, Detroit, Kans., \$5; Sr. Herr, Ohio, \$5.10; Sr. Engle, Ohio, \$1; In His Name, \$4.50. Total, \$91.83.

EXPENDITURES.

Table and house expense, \$48.68; gas and electricity, \$8.22.

Balance, \$34.93.

Bro. Garwick, case eggs, Mt. Carmel Home, 2 chickens, 3 doz. eggs, Mrs. Gilbert, Dixon, Ill, eggs, Sisters of Bethel district, a box of sheets, pillow cases, and clothing. These all fill a place where we would be unable were it to be done by our own hands. We thank all the dear ones.

In Him,

Sarah H. Bert and Workers.

SAN FRANCISCO MISSION.

We come to you in Jesus' name with another month's report. The work has been moving on with the usual interest. God has been working, a few have been saved from sin and a number have expressed a hunger for a deeper work of grace to be brought into their heart and life.

We have Bro. and Sr. J. R. Eyster with us at present engaging in a revival effort at this time. Our prayer is that God may use them in His own way. May work be done in hearts that will stand throughout all eternity. Pray for the Mission in this place.

We thank all who have so kindly and liberally stood by in a financial way. May the Lord bless each one.

FINANCIAL.

Report for June 1918.

Balance on hand June 1, 1918, \$34.49.

RECEIPTS.

Home Mission Board, \$20; Hall Offering, \$37.88; Bro. J. R. Kuhns, Mt. Joy, Pa., \$10; Catherine Lehman, Carlisle, Pa., \$5; Tulare S. S., Tulare, California, \$28.35. Total, \$101.23.

EXPENDITURES.

Table supplies, \$17.17; car fare, \$5.85; home incidentals, \$5.64; sugar for canning, \$2.17; mattress, \$8.75; hall rent, \$30; house rent, \$18; hall expenses, \$.70; water bill; \$1.80; light, \$3.15; gas, \$2.09; poor, \$.50. Total, \$95.82.

Balance on hand July 1, 1918, \$39.90. J. B. Winger, Oakley, Cal., 2 boxes apricots, H. H. Winger, Tulare, Calif., 5 gal. can of honey, Tulare Co., Brethren, 10 doz. eggs.

Yours in Him,

Maggie E. Sollenberger.

DES MOINES MISSION.

FINANCIAL.

Report for the month of June 1918.

RECEIPTS.

A friend, Ridgeway, Ont., \$5.00.

EXPENSES.

Water for one quarter, \$4.62; electricity, \$1.57; gas, \$2.25; table supplies, \$35.00; incidentals, \$6.50. Total, \$49.94.

Bal. due mission, July 1, 1918, \$44.94.

J. R. & Anna Zook.

CANTON, OHIO.

On June 16 and 17 a love feast was held at Valley Chapel, Canton, O. Quite a number of brethren and sisters were present from the adjoining districts, also a number from southern Ohio.

It was indeed a season of refreshing to our souls as we heard the testimonies of those whom the Lord had set free from sin and are now being kept by His pow-

er. We did enjoy hearing the word as it was brought forth in power conviction was on souls and since then it has been our happy privilege of seeing one soul yield to the Lord. We are longing and praying for the time to speedily come when many more may be garnered in, as the field is indeed ripe unto harvest but the reapers so few. Pray for us.

Yours for souls,

Minnie Bosler, Cor.

TABERNACLE MEETING IN OREGON.

Dear readers of the Visitor:—

Greeting. On the first of June our Tabernacle Meeting began which was held about ten miles from Merrill, and near the vicinity where we held our meeting a year ago, with Bro. and Sr. J. R. Eyster in charge. This time of the year seems to be the best time for holding Tabernacle meeting at this place. But farmers were specially busy yet this spring not having finished planting potatoes or sowing barley, while others were busy irrigating, and still others had no desire to attend services as is the case in every community, and therefore the attendance was quite small.

The presence and power of the Lord attended the preaching of the Word and conviction fell on the people so that before the end of the first week the altar was filled with seekers and hungry souls prayed their way thru into the kingdom.

From this time on there were seekers at the altar at nearly every service, and on two or three occasions the power of God was wonderfully manifested when a number pressed their way into the glorious experience of entire sanctification and infilling of the Holy Ghost; the dying out was real but the victory was blessed. Praise the Lord! To Him be all the glory.

The last week of the meeting on Thursday evening Bishop C. C. Burkholder, and Miss Mable Wenger from Pasadena, Cal., entered as the altar call was being given; a new scene greeted our visitors as they saw a sister with a handkerchief keeping the mosquitoes off of those who were bowed at the altar of prayer. These were quite a pest during the few calm warm evenings we had as the evenings are usually cool.

The last Saturday afternoon and evening was our love feast in which twenty one participated, and which proved a blessed season of refreshing to us all; the day following being the last day of the meeting, Bro. Burkholder gave the message after which Bro. D. L. Book and wife were ordained to the ministry. Six applicants for baptism were received and baptized. Two others were received into church fellowship, making a little band of fourteen members at this place which are now organized into a Mission church.

The afternoon was devoted to a Divine Healing service and the evening to Missionary which was the closing service of this battle for souls.

The little band here earnestly desire the prayers of the church in their behalf.

Yours in His service.

Correspondent.

FROM INDIA.

Dauram Madhipura,

April 19, 1918

Dear readers of the Visitor:—

The work at this place is going on about as usual. I am still being invited into more homes. I have more open doors than I can visit regularly as I should. Some time ago as I was passing a Mitla Brahman home, I was called by the baboos, to come see a sick man. I

first inquired what the disease was, but him from the head, then there would as they thought I would know as soon have been a greater possibility of him as I saw the man, they saw no need of getting a bath. This was Saturday and telling me, but as I inquired again they as they said they were all leaving on told me. I entered the little dark room. Sunday to take the patient to Bhagalpur found the sick man laying on a bed and to a larger hospital, I did not return a-three women sitting on the floor. Im- gain until I was called, for I thought mediately a chair was brought for me they had taken the man away as they and placed near the bed, and all the ba- said. But a few days after that while boos of the place came rushing into the passing, I was again called in and to my room to see and hear what I might say. surprise found they had not gone. No, They first told all about the sick man they said we did not go for after you that was esteemed necessary, then asked me to pronounce a blessing on him. prayed for him he began to get better. Another home in which I visit, one I first sang some songs and told them day instead of being asked into the house of Jesus, then I prayed for the man. and given a chair to sit upon, I was asked into the courtyard, my chair being While there the hospital doctor came also to see the man. He told me that the placed right in front of the back door in sick man's relatives were becoming very the sun. This door evidently was not impatient, as he doesn't recover as fast used much for there was a space of three as they would like. Suddenly during our feet from the ground to the door step. conversation the patient cleared his To my right was a rickety old bed, to throat and spat on the wall. The doctor my left was a pile of ground that had of course found it necessary to tell been beaten hard on which all the cooking utensils were washed in front of me them how to cleanse the wall and that all slops from the door were poured. The that act should not be repeated. He also two women sat in the door and listened attentively while I sang and talked to them, each taking turns in stepping back to proceed. A sponge bath was an altogether new thing to these people so after to the fire and stirring the porridge. Finally one of the baboos asked me if I wasn't a nurse and where I got of paper in her hand and asked me to copy a song for her as she wanted to learn it. I was very glad for this and my training. At last they asked me if I wouldn't kindly come at two o'clock and bathe this man. I declined but said copied 'Yishu masih ma'ro ma'ro pra'n' I would come and see that the water was bachaiya' " Jesus has saved me. the right temperaure, and show them For some time we have been having how to put a sponge into the water, take high, hot west winds, but for the last out again and disperse with some of the two days, the wind is coming from the water in it and then show them how to east and it is some cooler. The people rub soap over it and rub it over the body, about me are busy ploughing their fields etc. But it was all such a new experience for rice which will be planted in two months. The wheat and oats crops are for them that until I arrived at two just being gathered Isaiah 60: 1: "A- o'clock, they said the patient didn't want rise, shine; for thy light is come, and have taken him out to the well and poured the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." ed a bucket or two of water down over I am glad the light of the gospel dawn-

ed in my heart and now it is my privilege to shine for Him. I want to live so that every hard place that I come up against will only be the means of polishing me more so I shine for Him.

Yours for India,

M. Effie Rohrer.

FROM AFRICA.

(The following letter from Bro. Taylor as will be noticed was private to Bro. Steigerwald but is of such interest that Bro. Steigerwald requests its publication in the Visitor.—Editor.)

Sikalongo, S. Africa,

April 2, 1918.

Elder H. P. Steigerwald,

Matopo Mission,

Beloved brother greeting:—

It is a long time since we received your letter, and I did not intend to wait so long to answer, but will now improve this opportunity. Since I last wrote you in November we have had rain almost every day, from Nov. 27 to the first week in February only one day it did not rain. For weeks the sun was not seen. Mealies are almost a total failure this side of Choma, the other side it is not so bad.

Sister Taylor and the children went to Macha for a visit Dec. 13, and came back Jan. 23. Had a pretty wet trip both ways but seemed to take little harm as a result.

The rivers have been high and it has been with great difficulty that we have been able to get provisions out for our boys or for ourselves.

We have been having quite a time with lions. Early Monday morning Jan 21, they broke into our sheep pen and killed nearly half the sheep. They had been coming to Sikalongo for some time before and had killed a lot of sheep. Since

that time till three days ago they have been in the neighborhood every night excepting possibly three nights. Mono, one of the boys from Macha Mission, stayed in the pen with the rifle and I stayed part of one night, and we put the lantern in the pen for a number of nights, then we fixed the rifle in the roof with a trip cord but he got under and did not fire the gun.

The first time they came we followed them about three miles. After eating all they wanted they each took a big fat sheep and dragged them to the bush to the west. The female was in an ant heap about half way to the river, and while we did not see her the dog started off suddenly, sniffing the air and a few paces more we found the sheep on top of the ant heap. The male was probably just ahead of us and drew his sheep across the river about three miles to the west going from ant heap to ant heap and keeping in the thickest bush. We finally came on the sheep in the side of the ant heap, and the dog ran around the other side quickly and started off in the thick bush. The lion had gone out and crossed our track a short distance back. We had no poison so we bro't the sheep in. The next time they came we had poison. We followed them to nearly the same place and heard the lion growl as he went out of the ant heap on the opposite side. We left about one third of a sheep and put strychnine in well all over the meat. We went back next morning but the meat had been dragged away and not eaten on the spot, and as heavy rain had fallen after the lion was there we could not spoor. We looked in all the ant heaps for a long way about with ten boys till noon. Later we heard the lioness had gone through a kraal some miles away very sick. We sent boys to look for her but found no traces.

Later the male came back alone and

took a sheep to the bush just west of the boy's quarters. I cut seven chunks of meat about the size of my fist putting poison in each and took the rest of the meat away. Next night he came back, ate three pieces and about 12 o'clock we heard him roar. I told Adaa he has got the poison. They also heard him at Sikalongo and said he has got the poison. He roared so fierce. But he came up to the pen and got the only sheep remaining, drew it off to an ant heap between the pen and our house and ate it up. In the morning we followed his spoor but as he had been about so much we had difficulty in following him. We went to the river and followed for more than a mile and as he had not gone back we concluded he must be in the piece of bush west of the pen. We came back to breakfast leaving three boys to continue hunting. Mono took the rifle, and after looking sometime, discovered him in an anthep. As they approached on the spoor he went out on the opposite side with a growl and they saw him go into another big heap covered with rank growth. They were afraid to approach and came and called us just as we finished breakfast, and worship. I sent two small boys to call the men from Sikalongo and we went at once, with seven men and boys, to the ant heap west of the boys' hut and near the river. We worked about an hour with axes and hooked sticks or poles pulling down the vines and finally cut a path right to the top of the heap only to find he had gone before we began as we had boys stationed on each side to watch. We looked in three more heaps near by, and then in the fourth we found where he had just shortly lain in the grass, digging up the ground in pain. One side of the heap was open so I took Mono, and we went cautiously up the heap to a big tree at the top. Just as we reached the top and passed the tree we both at one time saw his hips in a thick bunch of vines. He was coming to his feet in an instant and Mono bolted down the steep side of the heap like a shot. I pulled on his hips with the rifle, as that was all I could see but the gun did not fire. I pulled again but it only clicked. Instantly I dropped the gun from my shoulder and looked to see what was wrong. The lock was on. It only took an instant but he was on his feet and coming for me. I again bro't the gun to my shoulder. He had given one growl and was just giving another as with wide open mouth he came for me, when I fired, striking him in the mouth, the ball passing down his windpipe and through his shoulder. He dropped out of sight instantly, behind the thick vines, though he was so close the muzzle of the gun almost reached his mouth.

I stood for a moment, and as I could see nothing, concluded it was better to take a second chance from a longer range, took my turn to bolt down the hill.

The boys had all fled to the open veld, but Mono's second tho't was better, and in a short time he was coming back as fast as his legs could carry him to see what had become of his Umfundise as he said, and calling loudly to the others to come with him. We went in a bunch, very cautiously to the top of the heap and found him stone dead. The men from Sikalongo arrived a few minutes later and helped to carry him in. He gave us a fine hide, and 1½ gallons of oil.

I am partly laid off at present by a sore ankle. Two weeks ago I cut a deep gash in my ankle with the adz. It was healing very nicely but having to wade the rivers and through the deep grass in the rain on several occasions hunting the lion, and a thief that stole one of

our sheep, it was poisoned by the coloring from my sock, and laid me off Saturday P. M. yesterday and this, Monday morning, but the inflammation is pretty well out again. This is the only lost time for me this year from sickness. We have all been quite well, except Ruth and Anna had a light spell of fever.

While Adda was at Macha I improved the rainy time by building and plastering the gables to the roof, put the windows on hinges and screened them and "put a roof on our porch." We set posts out 12 ft. the full size of the house put timber on top and laid on iron, which made us a good place to work rainy days. When we finished with the other work inside we set holes around the East and South sides and plastered for a kitchen. We left a few feet for a veranda, to the west.

As we had built a large hut for a store room before the rains were well on, we have moved a part of the goods there, and have more room than when you were here. Regarding the place, we feel sure the Lord has sent us here and feel that He will yet open the way for us to stay though we do not know how. If we must move we can move on Mr. Whitbread's farm. but of course that would be only temporary. But as we feel so clearly that the Lord wants us here, we do not like to try to make arrangements for anything permanent till we are off this place. We believe you are holding us up in prayer that God may guide.

Yours in love,

Myron Taylor.

ENCOURAGEMENT FROM A SISTER.

A greeting to all in the name of Jesus. This morning I am thankful that I have a desire and will to obey God. It may be in the very smallest thing, for if we

are not willing to do the small things, the Lord cannot bless us with great things.

Often while reading the different articles and testimonies in the Visitor, my eyes overflow with tears, and my heart is filled with joy. Then the Savior speaks to me in a still small voice telling me to praise my Savior through the columns of the Visitor, and that it may encourage someone to obey God rather than man. It pays to serve Jesus.

I am so glad for the plan of salvation as given in God's word; also the promises for the children of God.

"Redeemed and so happy in Jesus,

No language my rapture can tell."

When we have the life of Christ, we have all things we need. Psalms 37: 16, 17: "A little that a righteous man hath, is better than the riches of many wicked." "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Sometime ago I read that our brethren felt the need of spreading the gospel in the homeland. Thus we see that there are many places where hungry souls are desiring for the plain simple gospel truths. For we are to go out "through the streets and by ways preaching the word to the many or few say to every fallen brother, There is honey in the rock for you."

When we see how short the time is, we, as workers for King Jesus, should do all we can in giving out the bread of life to perishing souls. This work is not only for the minister in telling mankind about Jesus, for all of God's children have a mission to fill.

"Worker wherefore dost thou linger,
Harvest fields are ripe to-day,
And the Master loudly calleth.
Hasten worker, while you may.

Great the work and few the workers,
Work increases, workmen fall,
Gird thee for the day of labor,
Haste thee at the Master's call.

Yours in God's service,
Lizzie Basehore.

Hershey, Pa.

TESTIMONY.

"Obey my voice, and I will be your God and ye shall be my people: and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well with you" (Jer. 7: 23).

I want to praise God today for a real desire in my heart to obey His voice and to do my best for Him.

For sometime I felt it my duty to write a few lines for the Visitor; through neglect I didn't obey right away until I became impressed that I said, "Lord I'll obey, what shall I write?" I do praise Him for what He is to me. He tells us in His word about the narrow way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. How true it is, that there are such a few who are willing to take the plain and narrow way.

I praise Him for ever leading me in this way, although I am the only one among my people who have taken this way, but Jesus stands by me. He will take care of His own. Jesus says "I am the way," but so many are taking "a" way and not "the" way. Many are called but so few are willing to take the Lord's way.

My prayer is, that people might take God's true plan of salvation while they have time and opportunity. May we all be ready when the Lord comes back to earth again. I ask an interest in the prayers of all who know its worth.

Yours in His service,
Nora B. Harshbarger.

Union, Ohio, R. R. 1.

TESTIMONY.

Dear editor:—

I was impressed for some time to write for the Visitor, but felt my weakness so much that I just put it off. Now this evening I will with God's help undertake to tell a little of my leadings. I was seventeen years of age when I started to serve the Lord, or to go on the journey toward that heavenly home. I must say from that time to this I made many a mistake or miss-step. I was like the children of Israel, I wandered so long in the wilderness before I really could say and know that I was a child of the King. As I wandered in the wilderness I really got tired of this up and down life, and when I heard others tell what joy and peace they had, I got such a longing in my heart for more and more of God. As I longed for more, I was like the woman of Samaria at the well, I became thirsty and I said, Give me to drink. I got tired of the way I was living; I got so sick and so convicted, sick enough to die. When I got to an end with myself and did not know what to do Jesus undertook for me. He cleansed my heart, changed me so around that even the cat everything around me found it out when I was born again, and then I could feel I was a child of the King after I was saved and He had rescued me from the fall.

I had been with the church but I didn't have salvation. He showed me I was going the downward road to ruin. I can't make it wonderful enough for what the Lord did for me,—how He saved a poor sinner like me. O it is wonderful!

After I was rescued the three hundred and eighty forth hymn told my experience; as I read over it I found it is the home path after all. I can say I am not tired of the way but want to go on till the end. Pray for me that I may be

true to the end. Your sister in Christ.
 Anna N. Wenger.
 Chambersburg, Pa.

Ere we shout the glad song:
 Christ returneth, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah Amen.

A Brother.

Stevensville, Ont.

TESTIMONY.

Dear readers of the VISITOR:—

Greetings in the precious name of Jesus. As I have felt impressed to write to the Visitor and as it is the purpose of my heart to obey God I will obey, by His help.

I praise God this evening for the wonderful change He has wrought in my heart and life. I am so glad to have such a friend as Jesus in these days. I do not know what or where I would be if it were not for Jesus. I praise God for the blessed hope the true children of God have of some day meeting their dear Savior. There was a time in my life when I hoped Jesus wouldn't come just yet but I praise God that instead I am now joyfully expecting His coming. Why should we not long for such an event which will rid us forever of that troublesome old devil and crown the One whom we love more dearly than anything else?

I fear however that there are many professing Christians who are not longing for His coming, and I am afraid they are helping to delay it because they are too much tied up to this old world and its pleasures while probably some of the ready ones are suffering persecution. I believe Jesus will come just as soon as His people are ready and the longer His people cling to this world instead of cutting loose for God the longer they will have to stay here amid its sin and strife and probably suffer persecution. Oh! I would to God that we all might realize our responsibilities and that had the Church of Christ been ready we might have avoided a good deal of the sorrow some have experienced.

Lord Jesus how long, how long,

KIND WORDS.

By A. S. ROTZ.

Like the flowers in their beauty
 With their fragrance in the air,
 Are the words of love and duty
 Laden with a message fair.

Fitly spoken, words of kindness
 From a true and loving heart
 Are like anthems, bringing gladness
 To the faint and weary heart.

Words of comfort to the weary
 With a sympathizing tear
 Lights the path that may be dreary
 Making clouds to disappear.

When the heart is sad and broken
 Crushed by trials thick and sore
 Words of faith and love well spoken
 Are like gems from heaven's store.

Words of love just when most needed
 In temptation's gloomy hour,
 Often save the soul unheeded,
 Captive bound by Satan's power.

Tho the soul is blind by sinning,
 Jesus came to set him free;
 And by words of gentle pleading
 We may share the victory.

Tho' the scenes of earth will vanish
 Like the dew of early morn,
 Neither time nor place will banish
 Words on wings of mercy borne.

As our friends are passing yonder
 While the years are going by,
 In our hearts we sweetly ponder
 Loving words that never die.

Words of Christian love and courage
 Like the bread upon the sea
 Yield a sweet and blessed fruitage
 Lasting as eternity.

Let us then with earnest fervor
Sow our precious seed today,
And to Christ our blessed Savior
Ever for His guidance pray.

WHERE JESUS REIGNS.

Where Jesus reigns there is no fear,
No restless doubt, no hopeless tear,
No base deceit, nor faithless prayer,
No angry strife, or weak despair,
No greed for gain, nor selfish pride,
No bitterness for ought denied,
No evil tongue, no cruel arm,
No envy, hate, nor wish to harm,
No wicked lust, nor trace of stains,
But all is pure where Jesus reigns.

Where Jesus reigns there is no night,
For He is wisdom, love and light;
No raging sea nor tempest dread,
But quietness and calm instead;
No anxious care, no blind unrest,
No heavy heart by guilt oppressed;
No discontent, no gloomy days,
But highest hope and sweetest praise,
No stumbling oft, nor galling chain,
No shame nor sin where Jesus reigns.

Where Jesus reigns there's joy untold,
There's wealth that's richer far than gold;
There's service glad and courage true,
There's power to be and strength to do;
There's sacrifice and sweet content.
There's grace divine in mercy sent;
There's triumph over self and sin
And blessed peace abides within;
There's truest faith that never wanes,
There's love supreme, where Jesus reigns.

—Selected.—Printed by request.

A TESTIMONY OF PRAISE.

Dear readers of the Visitor:—

In the precious name of Jesus, greetings, "Unto you which believe, He is precious."

I feel to praise my God, this evening, as I am once again in my parental home, for His wonderful blessings, and under-

takings for me. They are too numerous to mention. I simply praise Him: and my sincere desire and utmost aim is to live to His praise.

It is now two years that I have been away from my parental home, having worked a year and a half at the San Francisco Mission. I indeed am grateful for the real experiences in soul-saving work, which it was my privilege to enjoy, while in the work there. May the Lord prosper His work there, as well as elsewhere. "The harvest truly is great, and the laborers are few, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He may send laborers into His harvest."

I thank God for the call which is upon my own heart to go forth and labor for Him, as He further opens the way, as He so wonderfully has thus far been doing.

I thank Him for the way He helped me, even while traveling and visiting through the Brotherhood, in the different states on my way home, and that I constantly could realize His protecting care, and the everlasting arms underneath. How I do praise Him for it all.

I also thank the dear brethren and sisters for their kindness and love toward me. And also for their help in a financial way.

God bless you all.

Pray for me.

Your sister in the Lord,

Miriam K. Benner.

Sellersville, Pa., R. 1, July 10, 1918.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

As the editor of the United Zion Children Dept., failed to supply copy we had to make use of his pages otherwise.

The article entitled "How a Christian Should Dress," is printed by request of Bro. Henry Bechtel of Canton, Ohio. It was a sermon preached in that city by the author.

REPORT OF F. M. TREASURER TO JULY 1, 1918.

Fairview Cong., Ohio, Srs. Landis & Benner, -----	\$	29.37
Bethel Cong., Kans., " " -----		101.84
Grantham, " " -----		45.00
Harrisburg, " " -----		30.00
Fairland " " -----		22.00
Elizabethtown " " -----		144.00
Mt. Pleasant " " -----		104.24
Franklin Congregation Ill., for Anna M. Steckley, -----		20.00
Dallas Center, Cong., Iowa, " " -----		24.61
Des Moines Mission " " -----		6.50
Bethany Church, Okla., for Isaac Lehman, -----		31.90
Grantham S. S., Pa., for Ella Gayman, -----		40.00
Total, -----		\$9951.74

Expenditures.

For exchange, -----	16.58
Bro. and Sr. Harvey Lady, -----	40.00
Elder Isaac O. Lehman and Wife, -----	50.00
Conference expenses, -----	30.00
Stationary, etc., -----	5.00
Bro. and Sr. Isaac O. Lehman, (part fare), -----	200.00
A. C. Winger, Africa, maintenance and special for Wkrs., -----	125.00
Myron Taylor, Maintenance, -----	200.00
Macha Mission (F. Davidson), Main. and Spe. for Wkrs., -----	387.50
Mtshabezi Mission, (W. O. Winger), " " -----	600.00
Mtshabezi Mission, (for team), -----	300.00
Matopo Mission, (H. P. Steigerwald), M. & S. for Wkrs., -----	600.00
Auto for H. P. Steigeryald, from General Fund, -----	632.21
from Savings Fund, -----\$767.79 \$1400.00	
India (H. L. Smith), Main. and Special for Workers, -----	850.00
Savings Fund, (Sr. Edith Haldeman), -----	452.10
Total month's Expenditures & Savings Fund, -----	\$4488.39
Balance in General Treasury, -----	\$5463.35

S. G. Engle, Treas.

4014 Spring Garden St., Phila., Pa.

"GIVE US A CRUMB OF JESUS."

In an appeal for the translation of the Bible into every tongue Rev. E. W. Smith, for some years a missionary to Africa says: "O my friends, give to the people in every land this book! Many years ago, before I went to Central Africa, I was in Basutoland traveling with a party of missionaries. As we were anxious to get home, we rushed through one

village without stopping, and as we cantered away, a native woman came out and shouted to us, and what she said was this: 'you missionaries, why do you pass us by in this manner, return and give us a little crumb of Jesus', My friends you have the whole loaf. Do not grudge to these benighted children of God a little crumb of Jesus'." **Christian Worker.—Sel. P. H. Doner.**